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SEPTEMBER

No. 53

COMICS

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battles
*The Black
Lancers!*

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BLACKHAWK



MEN who do not scorn happiness or shrink from danger — The **Blackhawks** blot out the fearsome **Black Lancers!**

At a resort near the gayest of capitals, the night is filled with romantic music

IT'S LIKE A DREAM
COME TRUE, BLACKHAWK,
DANCING WITH
YOU!

THE BAD NEWS!
CHUCK CUTTING
IN!



YES, HARRY, BEES
REWARD FOR
ANYTHING WORTHY
I HAVE EVER
DONE!

WHO'S BEING
REWARDED, ANDRE
-- YOU OR I?



SO THOSE ARE
THE FAMOUS
BLACKHAWKS!
THEY'RE
PICTURESQUE.

THEY HAVE DONE ALL THEY
WISH OF FIGHTING AND
CAMPAIGNING -- NOW THEY
WANT ONLY FUN! I
DON'T THINK WE NEED
WORRY ABOUT THEM
IN OUR NEW SCHEME
OF THINGS!

BARON SCAR, BUT
HARDLY FRIGHTENING!



YAH, I AM OLD ENOUGH
TO BE YOUR FATHER
-- BUT I AM GLAD I
AM NOT!

LOOK, STANISLAW!
HENDRICKSON
BAM FAST
WORKER!



IT'S HAPPENING, PAGLA!
THE WHOLE UNDERWORLD
OF THE CITY IS
RISING!

ON TIME
TO THE
SECOND!



AS YOU ARRANGED, BARON --
EVERY CRIMINAL, GREAT
AND SMALL, IN THE RIOT!

GOOD! I'LL MAKE THE
ANNOUNCEMENT!





ON WITH US DANCE!
WE'LL BE
BACK!



FLY LOW ACROSS
THE CITY AND KEEP
A LOOKOUT FOR
TROUBLE BELOW!

HAWKA-AA-A!



The riot is well under way...

FIRE INTO
THE THICK
OF THEM!

SO MANY-- THEY
WILL OVERTHELM
THE WHOLE CITY!



WE'RE
LOST!

NO! HERE
COMES HELP!

SPLAT!



FORWARD
BLACK
LANCERS!



SPARE NONE! EVERY
LANCE PIERCES
A HEART!



THERE'S THE
RIOT--AND A
CLEARING TO THE
LEFT! LAND AS
QUICKLY AS
POSSIBLE!





GET TO THE SPOT IMMEDIATELY, AND GO IN SLUGGING!



YOU ARE BARON SCAR! WHAT— HOW—

MY FRIENDS—GENTLEMEN SPORTSMEN—AND I PRACTISE LANCER DRILL FOR PLEASURE! WE SPRANG TO ARMS—AND JUST IN TIME!



BARON SCAR, AS POLICE COMMISSIONER, I THANK YOU FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART!

AS MAYOR OF THIS CITY, I SAY NO REWARD WILL BE TOO RICH FOR YOU!



HERE'S A PRISONER MY FRIENDS TOOK! MAYBE HE CAN EXPLAIN!

SPEAK, SCOUNDREL! WHO PLANNED THIS OUTRAGE AND WHY?



I WAS ONE OF THE FOLLOWERS! OUR LEADERS KNEW THE REAL REASON FOR THE RIOT—NOT US!

AND THE LEADERS WERE IN THE FOREFRONT—YOUR HEROES KILLED THEM ALL! I SUPPOSE IT WILL REMAIN A MYSTERY!



BUT WHO IS THIS?

WERE THE BLACKHAWKS! GLAD IT WASN'T ENOUGH OF A CRISIS TO NEED US!



















WAWKAA-
AA-A-A!

THE FOOLS! THEY
DARE OPPOSE
OUR HORSES
AND LANDS!



THEY DON'T
WANT TO KILL
THEIR LEADER!
THIS WILL
SLAY THEM
LO!



LOOK OUT!
BARON SCAR
HAS FALLEN!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE,
MEN! UP AND
AT 'EM!



THESE ARE DEVILS!
THEY FIGHT BY
MAGIC!

IS THIS
A NEW
PLOT?



WHO IS
RESPONSIBLE?
YOU, BARON
--OR
BLACKHAWK?

HE STARTED IT,
COMMISSIONER
AND WE'RE
FINISHING
IT!



AS HIS LADY
FRIEND DAGLA
CONFERRED
TO YOU -- SHE'S
THE REAL
PRETENDER
TO THE TITLE
OF CITY
CRIME
KING!

DAGLA
BETRAYED
ME? FOOL, THAT
I WAS TO
TRUST A
WOMAN!



ALL RIGHT -- SO
YOU KNOW! I'M
FINISHED, BUT
SO ARE YOU
BECAUSE I'M
GOING TO
KILL YOU!



TORCHY



IF ONLY I COULD FEEL
IT ON MY THROAT
FOR ONE MINUTE!













DOGTAG













EEZZZRA

QUICK, ROLLO,
TURN OFF THE
MACHINE!

YIPE! I MUST
HAVE CROSSED
CONTACT WITH
THE ZOO!



HEY,
ROLLO! COME ON OUT!

I CAN'T!
I'M BUSY WORKING
ON MY LATEST
INVENTION!
COME IN!

ROLLO'S
SCIENTIFIC
LABORATORY
KEEP OUT!

PULL
BEHIND
TO
STATE
YOUR
NAME

I'M
EXPERIMENTING WITH
TELEPORTATION!

TELE-
TELE-
WHAT?











HERE'S MYRNA!
DON'T ASK HER -- PUFF,
THAT'S WHAT WE
WANT TO KNOW!

'RAY! 'RAY!
'RAY! 'RAY!
FOR THE
AMBASSADOR!
'RAY! 'RAY!

MYRNA, DID THE
AMBASSADOR
ARRIVE BY
CAR -- OR WAS
HE WALKING?

WHY, EZRA! WHAT A FOOLISH
QUESTION! HE CAME BY
CAR, OF COURSE!

ON, ROLLO,
WE'RE GOING TO
FIND THE
SECOND
AMBASSADOR
INSTANTLY!

EZRA,
DON'T YOU
THINK WE
SHOULD BRING
THE NEWSPAPER
MEN?

WE'VE GOT TO FIND
OUT WHERE AND
HOW THIS THING
REALLY STARTED!

YOU MEAN YOU THINK
THE AMBASSADOR'S SECOND
SELF WILL COME BACK
HERE?

LO, LOOK! A
PICTURE OF THE
AMBASSADOR!

WOW!

GULP! -- GOSH, WE'D
BETTER NOT GET
CAUGHT HERE!
LET'S SCRAM!

BUT THIS IS IN
THE INTEREST OF
SCIENCE! WE'RE
ON A HOT
TRAIL!





CHOO CHOO

THE MAN WHO HIRED ME SAID I'D SOON BE ALL WRAPPED UP IN MY PART, BUT SOMEHOW THIS DOESN'T SEEM TO BE THE KIND OF SHOW I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE!



SOUTH AMERICA, HERE WE COME!



CHOO CHOO, I STILL THINK WE'RE FOOLISH TO RUN OFF LIKE THIS ON A JOB WE KNOW NOTHING ABOUT!

CHERRY, MY DEAR, MR. BURKE WANTS US TO APPEAR IN A JUNGLE MOVIE AND FRANKLY, THAT'S ALL I CARE ABOUT!



WELL, ONE THING'S FOR
SURE! SOUTH AMERICA
CERTAINLY IS BEAUTI-
FUL AND GREEN!

WMM! THAT'S FUNNY!
HERE ON THE MAP
THE COLOR IS
ORANGE!



PILE THE SUPPLIES
OVER THERE AND
MAKE IT SNAPPY!

THERE IS SOMETHING
VERY STRANGE ABOUT
THIS DIRECTOR OF
OURS—THIS MR.
BURKE!



YOU'RE STILL NOT USED TO THE-
MATICAL PEOPLE! LIKE ALL ART-
ISTS, THEY ARE A TRIFLE
DIFFERENT!

MR. BURKE, WE'LL
NEVER BE ABLE TO CAR-
RY THIS STUFF OVER
THE MOUNTAIN!



SHALL I DUMP SOME OF THIS
DRINKING WATER?

CERTAINLY NOT, YOU
IDIOT! WE'LL GET
RID OF THIS!!



CHOO CHOO, LOOK! I TELL YOU
HE'S WACKY!
LOOK WHAT
HE THREW
AWAY—
JEWELS!

OH, CHERRY,
YOU'RE SO
INGENUOUS!
THAT'S
SIMPLY
FAKE
STUFF!



YOU MEAN
IT'S JUNK?

OF COURSE! IT'S PROBABLY TO BE
USED IN THE PICTURE—OR MAY-
BE FOR MAKING FRIENDS WITH
THE NATIVES!



CHOO CHOO, I DON'T
LIKE THIS IDEA OF CLIMB-
ING OVER A MOUNTAIN
WITH BEADS TO MAKE A
LOT OF NATIVES
FRIENDLY!

WELL, I'M NOT GOING
TO WORRY ABOUT IT
RIGHT NOW! I THINK
I'LL TAKE A STROLL—
I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK!



OH, THIS IS EXCITING! I WONDER WHEN WE'LL START SHOOTING THE FIRST SCENES!



OH, NO, NO! IT'S SO WARM AND BEAUTIFUL. I COULD ALMOST FALL A-ZEEZ!



MERRR-OH!



OH! EEE-EEEEK!

G-GOLLY, THAT WAS CLOSE! MHEW!



GAWRSH! I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR BEING SCARED!

HUH? OH, ARE YOU A MEMBER OF THE CAST, TOO? YOU LOOK FAMILIAR!



IT'S TURNED DANGEROUS! BUT I GUESS HE'S GONE BY NOW!

LOOK OUT! HERE HE COMES AGAIN!



EEEEK!



MADE IT!









darkness-light-and then.....

CHOO CHOO. THANK GOODNESS. WE'VE FOUND YOU! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL THIS TIME?



CHERRY, SAVE ME! I DON'T WANT TO LIVE HERE FOREVER!

THERE, THERE, MY CHILD! YOU MUST'VE HAD A PRETTY ROUGH TIME AND A BAD DREAM TO TOP IT OFF!



G-GOSH. I MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING! WHEN DO WE START SHOOTING THE FIRST SCENES?



WE DON'T! OUR EQUIPMENT WAS WRECKED BY A LANDSLIDE! FOUR MONTHS OF IDLE AND NOTHING TO SHOW FOR IT!

FOUR MONTHS? YOU MEAN I---? GOODNESS, I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND!



ACTUALLY, THIS WAS AN EXPEDITION TO FIND MY TWIN BROTHER AND A LOST CITY OF GOLD! I KNOW HE IS ALIVE! HE SENT ME A MESSAGE AND A RING BY CARRIER PIGEON! I'LL STAY AND FIND HIM IF IT TAKES A THOUSAND YEARS!



CHOO CHOO. WILL YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? WHERE WERE YOU ALL THAT TIME?

OH, CHERRY, I HAD A TERRIBLE DREAM AND CAN'T UNDERSTAND A THING ANY MORE! I THINK I'LL JUST GO TO SLEEP FOR A MONTH!



NO MOVIE! NO MONEY! NOTHING! CHERRY, DO YOU THINK FORTUNE WILL EVER BE WITHIN OUR GRASP?

I DON'T KNOW, CHOO CHOO--BUT--WE CAN DREAM, CAN'T WE?



KILLER SHIP

IT happened in a West Coast USO Canteen. A J.G. and several yeomen were arguing as to what the most important event of the war had been. Each had a different idea. Then an old captain butted in.

"Pardon," said he. "I've been listening to your little discussion. Probably you're all right in your ideas. But did you ever hear of the Anacapa?"

"The Anacapa." The boys looked at each other, shaking their heads.

"I didn't think so," replied the captain. "But you will one of these days. Then you'll change your minds as to the most important event of the war—at least one of the top events." He paused.

"Speech!" cried one of the yeomen. "Give us the Anacapa!"

This is the story the old captain told.

The saga of the Anacapa is one of the incredible stories of the war. There is no question that she and her hand-picked crew of Naval personnel saved the Pacific Coast from being penetrated by the enemy, as the Atlantic had been. The thrilling tale of this old converted "Q-boat" began soon after the oil fields near Goleta, Calif., were shelled by a Jap sub early in 1942. Those two or three shells, none of which caused any damage, were the only ones to fall in California.

It was this shelling episode that gave birth to the idea of a seemingly helpless target being used as a killer ship, and which became known in the Navy as "Project Love William."

The Anacapa, a four-master built in 1919, and formerly known as the *Coast Bay*, was chosen by the Navy for her deadly role because she had been a common sight on the Pacific Coast since World War I. It was reasonable to assume that she would draw no particular attention. Nor did she.

From the Aleutians to Mexico roved the mysterious ship, piled high with lumber going

south, stacked with empty oil drums and huge canvas covers to simulate new cargo on the return journey. These things made her look like easy pickings for Jap sub crews. The masquerade was made more detection-proof by the fact that every man jack on board, including the skipper, wore nondescript merchant seamen's clothing. The skipper, Lt. Comdr. Albert M. Wright, had made an extended cruise on a lumber schooner to familiarize himself with the routine. And to further the deception, blond Lt. Comdr. Young Frank Freeman, mate, was instructed to pose as a Swede, even to affecting a thick Swedish dialect.

"The idea was a good one," Comdr. Wright said, "But until you've heard an Alabama drawl mixed up with a phony Swedish accent, you haven't heard anything!"

Although the entire crew was made up of Naval officers and men, all hands had to carry merchant marine papers. Comdr. Wright was issued a master's license, while the executive officer, Lt. Comdr. William Clyde Ball, and a third officer, Lt. Comdr. Freeman, were listed as mates.

When the Anacapa sailed on her first voyage, there was nothing to indicate her unusual mission. Her outward appearance was the same as it had always been. Well up on either side of the bow, plates were replaced by flaps so two secreted three-inch 50-calibre guns could train either to port or starboard from a position below decks.

Hidden "Y" guns for hurling depth charges were installed and special clearance was provided in the shaft alley so vast amounts of ammo could be stored and gun crews could remain in hiding until pre-arranged plans sent them into action.

The best equipment available, both radar and sound gear, was installed on the Anacapa.

So far as is known, the Anacapa's long masquerade as a harmless freighter was completely successful. The only persons who had an

opportunity to learn her real purpose and identity were 32 survivors of a tanker, the Larry Doherty, who were rescued by Commander Wright and his men after their oil-laden ship had been torpedoed off Cape Mendocino, northern California.

When the tanker was hit, the Anacapa sighted the explosion on the horizon and deliberately sped to the scene. "Sped" is a misnomer because she had a top speed of only 10 knots. As her hidden gun crews remained alert at their stations in the event the marauding sub attempted to make her a second victim, the Anacapa came to a complete stop while picking up the lifeboats and survivors.

For several days after that, until the rescued men could be put ashore, the "passengers" had ample opportunity to move about the Anacapa, but if any of them became aware that she was a "Q-boat" they never divulged their knowledge.

Commander Wright paid tribute to the survivors not only for their courage under adverse conditions but for "maintaining silence about the ship throughout the war, even though many of them realized what we were up to."

At one time the Anacapa "raced" to Alaska, hoping to overtake a Japanese Q-boat known to be operating in that vicinity, and with full intention of fighting it out with her. The Japanese boat escaped. At another time she was directed to a rendezvous miles off California where she literally made a "clay pigeon" of herself near heavily-traveled sea lanes on the possibility an enemy sub might attack.

In the long run this gallant old girl made a number of kills, but just how many is not revealed.

In the event of an attack, the "merchant" crew of the Anacapa had orders to abandon ship in small boats. This was purely a deceptive move because only about half the men would leave, the others remaining out of sight until the enemy surfaced. Then the flaps would drop, weapons would spring into view, and the gunners would pour a torrent of fire on the unsuspecting foe.

Every member of the Anacapa's crew will tell you that it is an eerie experience to slog through the seas at night, not dreading that a sub will attack but hoping one does; not run-

ning away from the wolf pack but purposely lying in wait to give it the surprise of its life.

Almost as troublesome as the enemy subs, Commander Wright says, were United States inspectors and sub-chasers, both of which frequently jeopardized the ship's identity. The inspectors would board to check the ship's papers, and then everyone had to be on his toes against making slips. Naturally, the papers carried only the most innocent information, and as well had all hands been rehearsed in their parts that not a single tipoff ever occurred.

The sub-chasers were a different menace. On several occasions they came alongside to warn that the waters were sub-infested and then passed the word, "We will escort you to your destination."

Commander Wright chuckles recalling these incidents. "We had to pretend to be going to the port named," says he, "for the benefit of the sub-chasers. So after dark or during bad visibility, we'd reverse course and intentionally lose them. We often felt sorry for those fellows who were trying their best to be of service in protecting us. It was a dirty trick, and I hope commanding officers weren't too hard on their deck officers when they learned that they had lost us."

The Anacapa, seamy old hulk though she is, played one of the most unusual and distinguished parts in the war with Japan. It is certainly a fact that the West Coast never was shelled again after she had gone on the prowl. She carried a large share of the burden in the anti-submarine campaign in the Pacific until American shipyards were able to turn out faster, specially-designed ships for that tough assignment.

Performing faithfully until there no longer was any further need for her in that particular work, she was ordered to Pearl Harbor, thence into the Central and South Pacific. There, until a few months ago, she became a common sight as she moved slowly among the islands and atolls, still doing her part in carrying the war to Tokyo as a cargo boat.

After her overhaul, the proud old lumber schooner will again steam beyond the international date-line to resume her job of hauling supplies to the various remote bases. She is still a brave old gal and two wars have not dimmed her spirit.

GULLY—
OPEN THE
GATE!
QUICK!

OH, MR. BRAGG!
I'M SO GLAD I
BUMPED INTO YOU!
I HAVE THE GRANDEST
NEWS TO TELL
YOU!



by
Paul
Gusterson

I'M GOING TO STAY AT THE
BOARDING HOUSE AS LONG AS YOU
DO! AND YOU CAN TELL ME ALL
ABOUT YOUR DARING ADVENTURES
EVERY EVENING ... IN THE
PARLOR!

YOU MEAN,
MRS. MAHOLAHAN
SAID IT WAS OKAY TO
BRING GUESTS INTO THE
PARLOR ... OH THE TWO
BUCKS EXTRA YOU
PAY?

I INSISTED! AND
MADE IT VERY CLEAR
THAT YOU WERE MY
GUEST AT ALL TIMES.
YOU—YOU HANDSOME
BRUTE!

OH!
AHEM...ER...
I'VE HAD
SO MANY
ADVENTURES
THAT IT WOULD
TAKE YEARS
TO TELL YOU
ALL OF THEM!





















CHEE! WOTTA DISH! AN' SHE'S HERE IN POIS-SUN! I GOTTA GET HER AUTERGRAPH, IF IT'S TH' LAST THING I DO!



PRUDENCE



M. SENICH



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